

BY DR. J. HAYNES.

You may talk of the comforts of home,  
Your parlors, pianos—settees—  
Of the fashions and haunts that foam,  
To dandle and dote on to please;  
Of the stove, and its heat when it snows  
And its pipe that you so much admire,  
But for courting and toasting my toes,  
Why, give us the old-fashion fire.

When the winter and tempests arrive,  
And the gay summer hours are gone;  
When the cold searching winds ever strive,  
And through the drear woods ever moan;  
When the labor and toiling shall cease,  
And Eve sweeps the strings of the lyre;  
And when friendship and love meet in peace,  
Then, give me the old-fashion fire!

It is frigid and cheerless to see,  
(And no matter where we may rove,  
If o'er continents, oceans and seas.)  
A fire boxed up in a stove!  
You may talk of economy's skill,  
And dangers that never prove dire;  
But endurance and health it will kill,  
So give us the old-fashion fire!

How inviting and merry the sight  
Of the old-fashion chimney place;  
When the firewood laughs and gives light,  
And throws out its arms to embrace!  
How cheering and sweet to behold,  
The little ones that we admire,  
As they gaze, and laugh at the stories told,  
And sit by the old-fashion fire!

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### An Extract.

#### THE MIRAGE IN THE DESERT.

There be many that say,  
"Who will show us any good?"  
Lend! lift up the light of thy countenance upon us!

PSALM IV. 6.

But while the number is very great of those who have no thought reaching beyond the present brief existence, many more there are among the sons and daughters of Christian parents, who have received too much light to live in comfort without adopting some of the many substitutes which the deceitful heart is ever ready to embrace, in preference to the simple religion of the cross.

How many there are whose lives are passed amid scenes of worldliness and dissipation, who find an opiate for their conscience in the zealous pursuit of eloquent preachers and their unfeeling attendance on all those stirring occasions when Christians assemble to consult upon the various interests of the church.

Others, fully sharing in all the follies and vanities of the world, and also craving that rest for the soul which they know the world cannot give, and have been told that religion can procure, are seeking it in the outward forms and ceremonies of religion, and in the repetition of a solemn and beautiful ritual. While the heart is moved by the touching music, and the imagination for the time pleased and excited, and a sense of duty accomplished is experienced, there is something like satisfaction felt. But though it may be said of them that they are "in it for the kingdom of heaven," still, how far are they from that calm deep peace which a close and humble walk with God alone can give!

While travelling in foreign lands, how fascinated have I been, how entirely my youthful imagination has been captivated by those imposing rites and ceremonies which there are a call that the mass of the people know of the religion of the cross!

I had been strolling, one morning after breakfast, in the beautiful gardens of the "Retiro," at Madrid, among refreshing fountains, and beneath orange and almond trees, and was returning to the Prado, when I descried a friend in the distance. He quickened his pace when he perceived me, and after accosting me with his usual salutation, said that if I had any curiosity to see a nun take the veil, I would have an opportunity that morning.

I started at the idea, it was like realizing a morning dream of childhood; for I had pictured to myself something lovely, something purely beautiful in a nun—a connecting link between beings of this world and the angels of light, a guiltless maiden bestowing the whole treasury of her affections on her Saviour; abandoning the joys and the pleasures of this beautiful world for the hope of a brighter one of immortality to come! To me, at least then in the early morning of life, and as ignorant of spiritual religion as the most benighted Hindoo, there was romance about a convent and its gentle inmates; and the idea of seeing a nun take the veil was deeply fascinating.

We turned off when we reached the end of the Prado into a walk bordered by acacia trees, and at the end of it the beautiful convent of "Silesas" rose to view. It is one of the richest convents in Spain, and being under royal patronage, none but daughters of the nobles of the land are permitted to enter it. It lies in the bed of a valley, the finely-grouped Quadram mountains forming the background, and the avenue sloping down in front.

Notwithstanding its proximity to a large city, it is a quiet, noiseless spot, and few sounds enter its massive walls to remind its inmates of the world of which they scarcely form a part.

We mingled with the throng who were going to witness the ceremony, and the jest and repartee passed round, and the laugh as loud and coarse as if we were going to witness the bloody scenes of a Spanish holiday; but when the huge door was thrown open, every voice was hushed, every smile was gone, and

# Ellsworth American.

"We Live in Deeds, not Years; in Thoughts, not Breaths."

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the solemn tread of many feet echoed along the aisles, until we reached the altar, where the organ's swelling notes burst forth, and in an instant all were kneeling. One was crossing himself, another counting her beads, and another breathing an "ave" to some favorite saint; and on looking round, I found that I was the only one that was idle. The next moment the shrill, unearthly notes of the choir, hidden far up in one of the naves, followed the organ in the path of melody.

The gilded altar, lighted up with innumerable lamps, shining dimly in the golden light of the sun, the officiating priests, in their flowing robes, and scarlet mantles printed with gilt crosses, the boys clad in vestments of white, swinging the glittering censers to and fro, filling the convent with frankincense, the rich swelling melody—it was indeed a bewildering scene, and well calculated to affect and make captive the minds of the young and the ignorant.

The music ceased—prayers were then said, and so deep was the stillness which followed, that the breathing of the peasant beside me could be heard. When these were finished, one of the priests struck up a monotonous sort of recitative, which lasted about five minutes, and towards the conclusion he advanced to a large gilded grating of iron, which separates the nuns' chapel from the public altar. There was a momentary pause. He then modulated his tone to a deep chant, in which all the nuns joined, their voices swelling and anon subsiding into a gentle murmur; then a low querulous chant was commenced by the nuns—it gradually increased in volume, it grew louder and louder; one powerful reading peal of the organ, and the vast curtain was suddenly drawn aside, and discovered the nuns in their chapel; then arose the grand chorus—nuns, and friars, and the boys, and the kneeling crowd—all joined in the universal jubilate, and the convent seemed to shake with the torrent of sound and melody.

The candidate for the veil was scarce sixteen. Her hair was glossy black, her eyes dark, her complexion fairer than that of the generality of Spanish ladies. She was crowned with a chaplet of white flowers; in fact, she wore a bridal dress. By her side were arranged her friends; a little dark-complexioned man proved to be her father; the mother was a tall, majestic looking woman, with traces of lingering beauty, and by her side stood her son, a tall young man, in the uniform of a lancer of the Royal Guards. He had an open, intelligent countenance, and appeared to be the only one present who felt for the poor girl; for there was a melancholy watching of the eye, and ever and anon a moving of the lips; and I fancied I could read his communications with himself, and his bitter reflections upon a ceremony which could consign one so young, so full of life, so calculated to adorn and bless society, to a living tomb!

As the priest entered the chapel, the music ceased, and the young girl advanced to him, supported by her mother, for excitement and the struggle within had overpowered her. The color had faded from her cheek and a tear trembled in her eye. She tottered up to the priest, who chanted forth a few melancholy notes, and gave her his blessing. The lady abess then stepped forward and took off the wreath of flowers which had confined her hair, and her dark locks escaped and fell in rich luxuriance to the ground. One by one her ornaments were taken off, and placed in a bowl for the benefit of the convent; the scissors were then applied to her hair, which strewn the pavement of the chapel. Then burst forth a peal of music, swelling higher and higher, and louder and louder; it seemed as though the vault of the convent would burst with the volume of sound. It fell upon my ear like a shout of victory, proclaiming the triumph of superstition and ignorance over one of the loveliest specimens of the Almighty's handiwork.

Again the music ceased, and for a few moments there was a silence that was oppressive. The feelings of the brother during this spell-like silence, as he gazed upon his young sister—still lovely, though shorn of every ornament—pale, trembling, about to give up forever the sweet hopes of youth, its joys and its sorrows, its loves and its friendships, can be imagined.

As he stepped forward to bid her a last farewell, he hesitated; his eye glistened with moisture, his lips were for a moment convulsively compressed, and as he printed a kiss upon her forehead, a tear fell from his eye upon her cheek. It was like an electric touch; her pent-up feelings she could no longer restrain; she raised her eyes to him, swimming with tears, and exclaimed passionately, "Querido hermano," and rushing into

his arms, vented there, in convulsive sobs, the anguish of her heart! The priest separated them, and led her into the centre of the chapel. She seemed to struggle to get the mastery of her feelings, clasped her hands, with a nervous attempt at composure, slowly raised her head, and then sank upon the ground. The priest advanced, and threw over her a black velvet pall, interwoven with a large golden cross. The novices then struck up their querulous notes, and were soon joined by the shriller tones of the nuns. They chanted a sort of dirge, and then was performed the beautiful ceremony of the burial of the dead, which concluded with a low melancholy chant, when all sank upon their knees, and joined in an interval.

The pall was taken off, the abess gently raised her and clothed her in the fatal veil. She was crowned once more with a wreath of white roses, and proclaimed the "Ride of Christ." The deep tones of the organ rolled forth again, and one and all mingled their voices in the triumphant hallelujah. A small basket of fresh flowers was placed in her hands, and she walked to the grating with a slow and faltering step, and distributed them to the bystanders who knelt there.

When this was ended, two of her sister novices came up and kissed her, and then led her away by a door near the altar. At the end of the chapel, as she went out, she cast one lingering look back behind upon her father and mother, until it centred in her brother, in a thrilling glance of devotion and love. The door intervened; I turned to the brother, but he had gone. One by one the nuns glided out, like so many ghosts; the music died gradually away, growing fainter, and fainter, and fainter, and ceased as the last nun shut the door—and the chapel was left in sad and deathlike stillness.

Few things during my wanderings in that romantic land, made such a deep impression upon me as this imposing ceremony; and down the vista of many years, and through a confused memory of gorgeous architecture and blended light of lamp and sun, and strange fragrance, and unearthly melody, I can distinctly see that poor young girl, misguided by friends, unconscious of the high mission of woman upon earth, seeking rest for her soul by abandoning a world she was made to live in and bless.

I have related this incident, my young friend, as illustrative of one of the many ways in which the young heart, craving religion in some form, and casting about for rest somewhere, is ready to seize anything that promises to give it—anything sooner than the simple trust and faith of the gospel.

If you then are seeking that priceless boon, a quiet conscience, trust not to imposing rites and ceremonies, nor to an orthodox creed, nor to munificent almsgiving, or frames or feelings, or to anything short of entire consecration of yourself to the service of the Master; repenting of the past, and looking for pardon through the atoning sacrifice of Jesus, walk in daily fellowship and communion with your Father in heaven; and you shall have peace, and He will give you to drink of the Fountain of Living Waters.

#### Opinions of the Press on the Message.

The message is thoroughly pro-slavery in its character. Lecomptonism, that worst result of the re-opening of the slavery agitation by the democracy, is endorsed over and over again by the man who has seen it kicked by all parties, and who has heard it denounced by such democrats as Douglas and Hammond, the nation shouting approval of all that they said. He makes the extraordinary assertion that his "deep convictions of duty," he could not have done otherwise than support the "Lecompton!" He must have some extraordinary ideas of "duty" and "depth" when he can thus deliberately talk to the nation and its representatives, considering that he was not only committed to "popular sovereignty," with which Lecomptonism was flatly at war, but that he declared the whole case to be an exceptional one. There is something very shabby in the President's conduct.—[Boston Traveller.

MR. BUCHANAN'S MESSAGE.—It is impossible to speak favorably of Mr. Buchanan's annual Message, which we lay before our readers in this sheet. It has no largeness of scope—none of those comprehensive views, that grave regard to equity and justice, that subordination of petty interests to consideration of the general good—which make alike the dignity and wisdom of a government. Instead of these, we have elaborate apologies for past acts of folly and injustice, petty expedients for recovering lost popularity, flimsy concessions to local inter-

ests, pretences laboriously got up for possessing ourselves of the property of our neighbors—in short, a tissue of all the vulgarities of power when administered by men of narrow minds, selfish instincts and low aims. We do not recollect a message from any of our Presidents to which the disparaging epithet of pettifoggery could be so aptly applied. [Evening Post.

Nothing, now, can save the country from absolute bankruptcy and ruin, strife at home, and war abroad, but the firmness of Congress in resisting these mad schemes of the President.

The same intense excitement which now agitates this city, will be felt in every part of the country, as this incendiary message is read. The same alarm which is seen on every face in Washington will be witnessed everywhere in the United States. The sentiment that the country is in danger, will be universal, and with the worst consequences, as we apprehend, to all interests which depend upon public confidence.—[Washington Republic.

The President says that the Kansas question has become quieted; but it seems he could not permit it to subside without again introducing into his official communication to Congress a false and garbled history of transactions in that Territory—made up for the purpose of concealing or palliating the partisan conduct of his own administration, which has, throughout the whole controversy, repressed as far as possible the progress of freedom. The reader will perceive at once the determined misrepresentation by which the President places the Free State men of Kansas in the wrong, and in effect justifies the border ruffian usurpations and Lecompton iniquities of the pro-slavery faction, by assuming and sustaining the legality of their measures. [Bangor Whig.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE, which lingers the columns of this paper, is a disgrace to the country as well as to its author. We speak of that portion of it which relates to Kansas and the political questions of the day. Buchanan has the right, like any other man, to feel the sting of conscience and to vent his spleen at these people who choose to differ from him in politics;—he has the right to feel sore at the repeated expressions of condemnation which the people of the country and particularly of his own State have recently given against his administration; but he has no right to pour out his vials of gall and bitterness upon people more honest and decent than himself in an official document.—[Jeffersonian.

MURDER BY A DEPUTY U. S. MARSHAL. Much excitement has been created at Detroit and Port Huron, Michigan, and at Port Sarnia, by the deliberate shooting of Capt. Jones, of the American brig Concord, while she lay in Huron river, on the Canadian side, by Deputy U. S. Marshal Tyler, of Detroit, on the 29th ult. The Port Huron Press of the 29th gives the following version of the affair: "The brig Concord, about the middle of last month, ran into the propeller General Taylor, on Lake Superior, for which she had been libeled. She was moored on the Canada side, probably hoping to elude the U. S. Marshal until she could get into Buffalo and discharge her cargo. About two o'clock this morning a tug boat came up the river to where the brig lay, and the captain said he desired to lay alongside. Capt. Jones, of the brig, forbade the lines of tug being attached to his vessel, at the same time taking an ax in his hand and threatening to cut the lines if they were attached to the brig. At this point Tyler boarded the brig and said he was the United States Marshal, and that the first man who resisted him was a dead man. Capt. Jones replied that he was captain of that vessel, and that she was on British soil. Tyler instantly fired, and Capt. Jones fell to the deck. The ball entered one side of the head just back of the eye, and passed entirely through the head. Capt. Jones survived the shot about an hour and a half.

The Marshal did not say that he had any process for the vessel, nor did Captain Jones offer any personal violence to him. It seems to have been an act of cold blooded murder without provocation or mitigating circumstances." Tyler immediately crossed over to Port Huron and gave himself up to another U. S. Deputy Marshal, who took him to Detroit. Capt. Jones is spoken of as a most estimable man, and leaves a wife and one child to mourn his untimely death. Had Tyler not immediately been taken from the locality, it is believed he would have been lynched. It is said that he is now held in custody until he can be claimed by the Canadian government, under the provisions of the Ashburton treaty.

[From the New York Post.]  
THE BONE-CARRYING GHOST AGAIN.  
He Brings a Bag Full, and Finishes the Job—He Knocks an Apple out of a Man's Hand.

We recently published a story, which is in circulation among the Spiritualists of this city, to the effect that the spirit of a dissected man whose skeleton belonged to Dr. Redman, had been picking himself up and bringing his bones, one by one from Hartford to New York.

Dr. Orton, the partner of Dr. Redman published in the last Spiritual Telegraph an account of the finale of the affair, which as much surpasses the previous performances of this industrious ghost, as his previous performances surpassed the most common-place doings of ordinary ghosts.

The doctor asserts that on the evening of the first of October, as he was standing with Redman in the near piazza a small bone fell on the floor near him with a sharp stroke. He picked it up, and several more followed. He then called out a number of persons who were then in the office, and the dropping of bones continued for some time at intervals. Supposing the performances had closed, he drew up a statement of the details, which was signed by the six visitors present. But no sooner had they gone than the bone-throwing recommenced; and the second instalment consisted of fourteen bones, which the ghost threw in about a quarter of an hour, averaging almost a bone a minute, which was certainly satisfactory, considering the distance he was compelled to bring them.

The next day, between 11 and 12 o'clock the performance again, and the ghost exulting all his former achievements, hurled a perfect shower of bones into the room. "They fell in every part of the office, on the floor, on chairs and on the table, some flying swiftly and forcibly from the direction of the windows, and many in a perpendicular line from the ceiling."

In this way the large bones of the heel, a patella, a rib, and various bones of the hands and feet were showered upon the astounded doctors, when the ghost by a master stroke eclipsed all his previous brilliant achievements. "At last," says the doctor, "as all of us were standing at the table, suddenly there fell down in the midst of us a bag containing sixty-one of the smallest bones of the human body. This bag was of muslin, and about fifteen inches long, and it fell directly before my face—much nearer to me than to the other parties present—in a direct line apparently from the ceiling, with such force that it marked the table where it struck." The parties present were Drs. Orton and Redman, and a brother of the latter.

This temporarily closed the exhibition; but an hour afterwards, as Dr. Orton was entering his house, he encountered a thigh bone, eighteen inches long, which came down with such force as to knock an apple out of his hand. Soon after the thigh was thrown, which concluded the programme. The actual time which he has spent in the work is stated to be eighteen hours—not so soon, to be sure, as they might have been brought on the cars—but all things considered, we think the ghost has made good time.

MRS. STOWE'S NEW SERIAL. The reading public will be glad to learn that the story, entitled "The Minister's Wooing," commenced in the Atlantic Monthly for December, is the beginning of a serial novel from the pen of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe; and that portions of it will appear from month to month until it is completed. The story is marked by all the characteristics of style and spirit which have made the author's former works so famous. The scene is laid in New England immediately after the Revolution,—the period when all that was most simple, quaint and peculiar in character and manner, was in full force. It was the era before railroads, steamships, lightning presses, fashionable churches, and fashionable clergymen,—in short, the good old times of which the present generation have so often heard. We look forward to see a masterly portrait of Puritan life sketched in this romance. However, it is not necessary to do more than to announce the fact: an author whose name and works are known in more than thirty languages, and whose two novels have reached a sale of more than eight hundred thousand volumes in this country alone, will not surely want for readers. We shall look for the coming numbers of "The Minister's Wooing" with great interest.

The Boston Transcript says this:—Will the publishers send us the December number so that we can say as much?

Ed. American.

Milan decree, Dec. 17, 1857.

[From the Spiritual Age.]  
MR. RANDOLPH'S "RECAPITULATION," AGAIN.

In an article written some weeks since, while the writer was in Western Pennsylvania, a paragraph was copied from the N. Y. Tribune, stating that "Dr. Randolph, a celebrated Spiritualist, had openly recanted," etc., and professing to give some of his declarations in a recent lecture at Utica. Some doubts were then expressed as to the reliability of the Tribune's statement, for the reason that we did not believe it possible for Mr. R., if he had a particle of sanity left to deny the fact that spirits had manifested themselves and communicated, both to and through himself; and it was intimated, moreover, that probably the recantation had reference only to some theological or religious ideas which were erroneously supposed to be Spiritualism.

At New York we had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Randolph, and learning from his own lips that our doubts and surmises were correct. His recantation was not of Spiritualism proper, as we have ever defined and advocated it, but only of some of its incidentals, and of doctrines which he had mistakenly associated with it. During our stay in New York, Mr. R. gave a public lecture in definition of his views on the subject, which lecture was reported at length in the Tribune of Nov. 25th.

"I enter the arena as the champion of common sense, against what in my soul I believe to be the most tremendous enemy of God, morals, and religion, that even found foothold on the earth—the most seductive, hence most dangerous form of sensualism that ever cursed a nation, age or people.

"I was a medium about eight years, during which time I made three thousand speeches, and traveled over several different countries, proclaiming the new Gospel. I now regret that so much excellent breath was wasted, and that my health of mind and body was well nigh ruined. I have only begun to regain both since I totally abandoned it, and today had rather see the cholera in my house than be a spiritual medium! For years I lived alone for Spiritualism and its cognates. Henceforth I live to combat many of the identical doctrines to which I once accepted as heavenly truths, among which are Pantheism, the non-immortal theory, ultra-radical individual sovereignty, Atheism, and several other pernicious doctrines."

"On the advent of the 'New Philosophy,' I hailed it with thousands of others, not only as the harbinger true and God-sent of the good time coming, but also as a religion, pure, true, sweet and elevating; and it was only because I thought it would satisfy the religious needs of my soul, that I accepted it as the guide of my life. What was the result? I will tell you. After embracing the Harmonial Philosophy (and my experience is that of thousands,) I sought to be a medium—made experiments, and obtained my wish. Better had I found my grave! The rapping and phenomena followed me, produced, as I then thought by good human spirits. These were soon succeeded by the trance condition, to which I became subject; and the moment I yielded to that seductive influence, I ceased to be a man, and became a mere automaton, at the mercy of a power I believed to be diabolical, but which others accept as Progressive-Spiritual, but which they cannot prove to be such, try as they may. Mind I do not say it is not so but aver that not the faintest proof can be adduced that it is so! As a trancespeaker I became widely known; and now aver, that during the eight years of my mediumship, I firmly and sacrilegiously confessed that I had not the control of my own mind as I now have, one twentieth of the time; and before man and high heaven I most solemnly declare that I do not now believe that during the whole eight years I was sane for thirty six consecutive hours, in consequence of the trance and susceptibility thereto. I would have lucid intervals, an hour or two at a time, until the next circle.—During these rational periods, I would, in words, assert myself, my manhood, and not unfrequently denounce the spirits and then, in the very next circle, in the trance, retract it all; and for this I obtained the reputation of inconsistency, and having no 'balance-wheel,' I frequently resolved to break my fetters, but some good-natured miracle-seeker would persuade me to sit in a circle just once more, in order that some great d-f-ct Napoleon, Cæsar, Franklin, or Mahon might, night through my lips, give his opinion on the subject, and edify some dozen or so with metaphysical moonshine and transcendental twaddle. I would consent, just to oblige, and then, god-bye reason, sanity adieu, common sense farewell! Like the reformed infidel, who, so long as his taste was not, is safe from the destroyer, but who is plunged into a deeper misery the instant he yields to the tempting 'one glass more,' so the medium. Nothing can rescue him or her but the hand of God, who is 'mighty to save.' It pleased Him to reduce me to the zero of human woe, that I might be snatched as a brand from the burning. Had He not vouchsafed this great mercy, the probability is, that instead of trying to serve Him, and atone for the mistake of a life-time, I should still be wandering up and down the capitolis of Europe and Asia in the accomplishment of my 'Spiritual Destiny and Mission,' desperately intent on converting Ferdinand, Louis Napoleon, the King of Delhi, Nasr-oo-deen, and the Grand Turk; for I believed that I was Heaven-sent to save humanity in general, and crowned heads in particular. Disease cut short my labors in that line; I was kindly cared for. This demoniacal phrase of Spiritualism deprived me of reason, led me from my home and duties, caused me to squander in world roving a sum more than sufficient to have rendered my family comfortable for life. Now, all my efforts can scarcely furnish the homeliest fare, and the second act of the drama concluded in a fearful crime. In a moment of despair, during that terrible madness, with dreadful intent, I severed the blood vessels of both arms in four places. Chance led a man to approach me ere the lamp of life had quite gone out, and by superhuman exertions I was saved. All this I charge to demonism and the infernal doctrines taught by many invisibles, be they spirits or devils. During my greatest illness I was attended by a physician who understood my case, who forbade me to think or act of or in Spiritualism, but to look to God for that aid and comfort which He alone can give, and to attend the preaching of his Gospel by God's preacher in the woods and fields. I followed his advice, gradually regained my health of mind and body, for which his name be praised. The result of my illness was, that I became convinced that however scientific Spiritualism, as operative on my own soul, might do to live by, it would never do to die by. The anti-Bible, anti-God, anti-Christian Spiritualism, I had perfectly demonstrated to be subversive, unrighteous, destructive, disorderly and irreligious; consequently to be shunned by every true follower of God and holiness. I had not for ten years seen a happy day prior to my conversion. In the extremity of my woe, I called on spirits for aid, but no spirits came to my assistance. Reduced to the verge of horror and despair, I called on that God whom I had in the insolent pride of intellect, so often derided. I believe my prayer was answered, my understanding opened, my body healed, reason restored, mind comforted, and my trembling feet set as I believe, on the Eternal Rock of Ages."

"For seven years I held daily intercourse with what purported to be my mother's spirit. I am now firmly persuaded that it was nothing but an evil spirit, an infernal demon, who in that guise gained my soul's confidence, and led me to the very brink of ruin. We read in Scripture of demonic possession as well as of normal spiritual action.—Both facts exist probably to-day; I am positive the former does. As an offset to the foregoing list of good (?) things coming out of this medium school, a formidable list of evils can be presented. A. J. Davis and his clique of Harmonialists say there are no evil spirits. I emphatically deny the statement. Five of my friends destroyed themselves, and I attempted it by direct spiritual influences. Every crime in the calendar has been committed by mortal movers of vicious beings! Adultery, fornication, suicides, d-sessions, unjust divorces, prostitution, abortion, insanity, are not evils, I suppose! I charge all these to this scientific Spiritualism, and not to Religion. This scientific Spiritualism has healed the sick, comforted the mourner, converted a few. It has educated the ignorant; it is a royal road to knowledge, yet I prefer a different school. It has also broken up families, squandered fortunes, tempted and destroyed the weak; it has banished peace from happy families, separated husbands and wives, and shattered the intellects of thousands. We hear much of its good, but little is said concerning the black catalogue on the other side, or of mediums driven to premature hell. True, there may be and doubtless are good spirits, who are Christians and God-fearing, but to one such there are millions of black and vicious fiends who delight in ruin, sin and desolation. This is my firm belief before man and God. What follows? Why, that I enter my solemn protest against all trance mediumship (as the most dangerous form) for while no harm may come of its practice, yet the chances are fearfully against all who yield to its seductive influences, vacate their own personal reason and judgment, and open the door of their souls for the admission of what may be a good spirit, and may be a destroying demon. An eight years' experience has convinced me that the possession and profession of the faculty is fraught with frightful dangers. I now speak of the genuine spiritual trance—for there are two kinds. I have been in trance about 2500 times. Of these about 150 were involuntary on my part, the balance resulted from self-volition—was spiritual in its nature and results—but spiritual phantasies had nothing to do with it. I formerly thought they had, but subsequent self-examination and study has convinced that notion entirely."











